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HAPPY HEARTS



△ AND △



PLEASANT FACES



—BY—

MARGARET E JORDAN.

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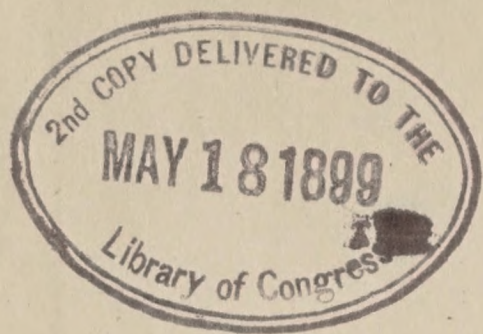
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HAPPY HEARTS.

—AND—

PLEASANT FACES

—BY—

MARGARET E. JORDAN

AUTHOR OF "GATHERED LEAVES," "ECHOES FROM THE PINES," "A DAY OF THANKSGIVING,"
"CHORAL LEAFLETS," ETC.



WITH INTRODUCTION AND APPENDIX

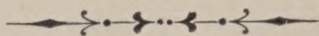
—BY—

MRS B. ELLEN BURKE.

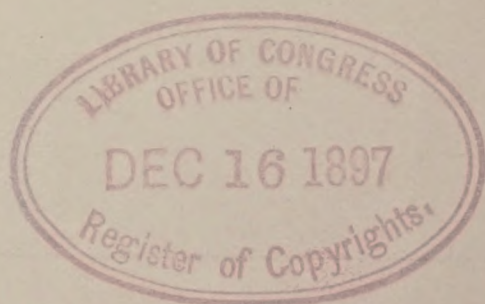
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EDUCATIONAL SERIES FOR HOMES AND SCHOOLS. No. 1

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NEW YORK :
ROSARY PUBLICATION COMPANY,
871 Lexington Avenue.





GILL ENG. CO. N.Y.

Christ Blessing Little Children.

[AFTER PLOCKHORST.]



**A Wish for Our Little Men
and Women.**

Hands to be lovingly helpful;

Eyes to beam kindly alway;

Lips to speak gently to people;

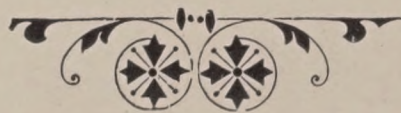
Hearts to be tender, yet gay;

Souls to be strong in temptation;

Minds to learn all that they may

Of God and His lovely work, Nature—

For these in our children we pray.





The Holy Family.

[AFTER ITTENBACH.]

INTRODUCTION.

This modest little book is for the use of children at home or in school.

The place it is designed to fill in the great plan of education has been vacant until now, when Margaret E. Jordan presents us with a dainty volume for our children.

No part of the legitimate work of the school is of more importance than that of teaching the children how to read. A large part of the recorded wisdom of the past—perhaps the largest portion that is available to the greatest number of the people—is to be found in books. To be able to acquire this wisdom, to learn about the investigations and labors of the great ones of other ages and lands, the student must know how to wrest from the silent pages the thoughts stored in words.

The teacher's work in this line is threefold:

1. To instruct in such a manner that the symbol or word will convey thought to the mind through the eye as rapidly as the spoken word conveys it to the mind through the ear.
2. To cultivate the taste of the child, so that good thoughts, told in a beautiful manner, will be the ones he will most desire.
3. To lead, guide, and direct him to the sources and foundations of the best and noblest in literature.

The child must be interested in his work in order to do his best. He will learn more rapidly if the matter to be read is pleasing to him. Children like melody and rhyme, stories about children and animals, songs describing actions and plays.

To arouse and hold the interest, the nature of the thought and the manner in which it is presented to him must be considered.

Change, even if only in a slight degree, is of educational value. Difference in the appearance of books—in their color, form, size,

type, and illustrations, as well as in the stories—adds to his pleasure.

The day of the one book a year for the reading class has gone by. Supplementary reading has been tested and found good.

It is a difficult task, and one almost impossible to achieve, to cultivate a love of good literature in the mind of a child who has had only four or five different reading books during all the golden, precious years of his school life.

In presenting to our schools this collection of a few of the many poems the author has written for children, the thought, vocabulary, and form of expression have been taken into consideration.

The author and myself, in behalf of the children in homes and schools, gladly take this opportunity of giving public expression of appreciation of all that the Editor of *The Rosary Magazine* has done for the literary education of the little ones. Keenly alive to the value of supplementary reading combining text and illustration, he has generously placed the plates of the magazine at our disposal for this work.

To the Catholic Protectory thanks are extended for generosity and interest in giving to the little volume the best of material and presswork.

Collections will follow, containing selections from the writings of other living authors: men and women connected with our magazines and newspapers, busy in the great work of the Apostolate of the Press, the ones who are moulding and shaping the thought of the age.

It is well that parents and children should know the names and the works of those who find pleasure in weaving songs and stories for the little ones of whom Christ said:

“Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come to Me: for the Kingdom of Heaven is of such.”

B. ELLEN BURKE.



ANGELS GUARD THEM.

TEN dear little children,
With not an earthly care,
Join their youthful voices
In singing and in prayer.

Join their happy voices
In laughing, shouting play,
Till the ten wee children
Grow sleepy with the day.

While the day is sleeping,
Held in the arms of night,
Happy children slumber
In downy beds of white.

Ten of God's dear angels,
Through all the happy day,
Guard these merry children
From danger in their play.

And through hours of darkness
They never, never sleep,—
O'er each child one hovers,
And faithful watch doth keep.

Fairy Good Morning.

THERE'S a darling little fairy,
She is cheery, sweet, and airy,
She lives upon the lips of folks on earth;
She can comfort hearts in sadness,
Bringing one bright smile of gladness,
E'en though she cannot wake the song of mirth

She reigns till noon, from dawning—
Her name it is "Good Morning";
Oh! do you know this fairy kind and true?
At noon she goes a-sleeping
To wake up at the peeping
Of next gray dawn from starry clouds of blue

But oh!—I'll not deceive you—
I'm very sure she'll leave you
If angry words upon your lips should stay.
And oh!—I've found it out—
I'll tell you true, a pout
Will drive this happy fairy far away.

O children, to me listen!
While sunbeams dance and glisten
Or hide from you,—I pray, let her be found,
This darling little fairy,
So winsome, bright, and airy,
Upon your lips to scatter gladness 'round,

In Disgrace.

I DIDN'T mean to tell a lie,
Nor Lion didn't, either;
But mamma thinks her little girl
Intended to deceive her.

Poor Lion! Guess his heart
must ache;
He feels as bad as I do;
And if he was a little girl
I'm sure that he would
cry, too.

I wonder how the good
goes out,
And how the bad gets
in us!
My mamma says she'll
punish now,
She's tried so long to
win us.



So Lion and I,—we're in disgrace,
And mamma, she's in sorrow—
She said so. Oh, I hope the good
Will stay in us to-morrow!



And dear old Grandma, smiling,
Forgot to take her nap!

Making Grandma Young Again.

Isn't she old, dear Grandma!

As old as she can be;

Let's dress her up real pretty—

We'll make her young, you'll see.

Ribbons and peacock feathers

They pinned on the snowy cap,

And dear old Grandma, smiling,

Forgot to take her nap!

Smiling, she patched and mended,—

Could you have seen her then

You'd surely say the children

Had made her young again!



BABY IN PAPA'S EYES.

DAINTY little Eva,
Perched on papa's knee,
With her blue eyes gazing,
Oh, how earnestly!
Upward into papa's;
Wonder what they see?

Eva is real quiet—
Never was before,
Only when in dreamland,—
“Papa, keep the door
Of your eyes wide open!”—
Ah, the spell is o'er.

“ How-do-do, dear baby,
How-do-do, dear? speak!
Say: ‘ I’m well, I thank you; ’—
I was sick last week;
Say: ‘ I’m very sorry,’
Let’s play hide-and-seek!”

To and fro she tumbles,
Calling merrily:
“ *Keep eye-doors open, papa;
Mamma, come and see
The dear little baby
Looking out at me!* ”

“ Mamma, I see baby
In both your eyes, too;
Eva ’ll keep doors open—
Look in her eyes, do;
Can you see a baby
Looking out at you? ”





An Easter Lily.

—:o:—

She came to earth one Easter dawn
When sweet was all the air
With lilies for the Risen Lord
A-blooming everywhere.

We kissed the baby cheek and said,
With love-light in our eyes:
“She is an Easter Lily, brought
By angels from the skies”

And she, the baby, grew to know
And love the lilies white,
And called them “pitty Easter Flowers,”
And kissed them with delight.

Oh! shielded may the darling be
Through life in angels’ care,
All guileless evermore as now
The lily-branch to bear.

Wasted Letters.

"**To waste is wicked**," mamma says.

How very wicked folks must be
To waste the letters so in words,
And make the spelling hard for me!

Now, what's the use of a "**w**"
Put in "**t-o**" in spelling "**two**"?
And, oh! what use can ever be
The letter "**a**" in "**tea**" and "**sea**"?
An "**h**" is thrown away in "**oh**";
And "**bread**" would sound the same, I know,
If "**a**" was never put in it;
And "**e**" is never needed a bit
In spelling "**hearth**" and "**heart**"; and why,
When "**e**" isn't needed in spelling "**high**,"
Is it wasted in spelling "**height**"? It's queer!
My mamma says that learning costs dear;
Perhaps it may be cheaper some day
When people stop throwing the letters away.
And only to think that in many a word
Three whole letters are never heard!
Who hears "**u-g-h**" in "**though**"?
It's just the same spelled "**t-h-o**;"—
And *three* used often, when, just as well,
One in their place a word would spell!
When "**w**" will finish "**cow**,"
Why waste "**u-g-h**" in "**bough**"?
And, oh, dear! how it puzzles me
Why an "**f**" should always wasted be
In "**muff**" and "**snuff**," for one would do,
I'm very sure, as well as two.

My mamma says 'tis great, smart men
Who make the books; oh, dear me! when
They *are* so smart, why don't they see
How very, very nice 'twould be
To save the letters thrown away,
And make new words of them some day!



The Morning Call.

“ He’s coming to tell me ‘ Good Morning,’
Dear Carlo !—He thinks I’m asleep;
I’ll just make my eyes stay half open,
Just open enough for a peep.
And I’ll lie here quiet, and watch him,
And see how long quiet he’ll keep. ”
But Carlo knew better, wise doggie!
Beside her was he with a leap!
And he barked such a happy “ Good Morning!”
It banished the make-believe sleep!



A GIFT FOR THE SACRED HEART.

THEY knelt near a fragrant altar,
Each clasping a chaplet white,
The wee, wee children of Mary,
Young faces aglow with love-light.

"We've come to you, Christ's dear Mother,
On the feast of His Sacred Heart,
To ask you to finish our offering
When we shall have done our part.

"Our mothers on earth always finish
The work that our little hands do,
And they fix all the bad looking places—
That's the reason we come now to you.

"'Cause this is an offering for Jesus,
And you are His Mother, and know
Just how it should be when 'tis finished—
We never could make it quite so."

* * * * *

How fondly they said the *Our Fathers*,
The *Hail Marys* and *Glorias*! When
The Rosary chaplet was ended
They tenderly pleaded again:

"Dear Mother of Jesus! please finish
Our offering—our best we have done,
But your hands can make it more lovely
For the Sacred Heart of your Son!"



On Independence Day.



Burrah, burrah for the dear old flag,
That waves so glad and free!
Burrah, burrah for the stars and stripes,
For the grand old colors three!
Burrah for the patriots brave and bold
Who rang out "LIBERTY!"

Burrah for the "UNION" of "BLUE AND GREY"

"From the centre to the sea!"

Burrah for the motto: "IN GOD WE TRUST,"—

And praise and bless—'tis meet and just!



A WISE MAMMA-CAT.

Wise Mamma-cat once determined to be
Her Kittie-cats' teacher in A. B. C.
She feared that in any school round about
New ways of mischief they might find out,

So, wee Lucy's chart every morning she read,
Storing with letters her wise little head;
But her frolicsome kitties she never could get
To settle right down to that alphabet.

“Fetch It.”

Oh, the jolliest times have we,
Playing in the lovely sea.



“Fetch it,
fetch it,
Prince!”
I say,
Throwing
far the
stick
away.
Dear old
fellow!
he swims
out,
Catches it,
and turns
about,

Brings it proudly back to me.
Oh, the jolliest times have we!

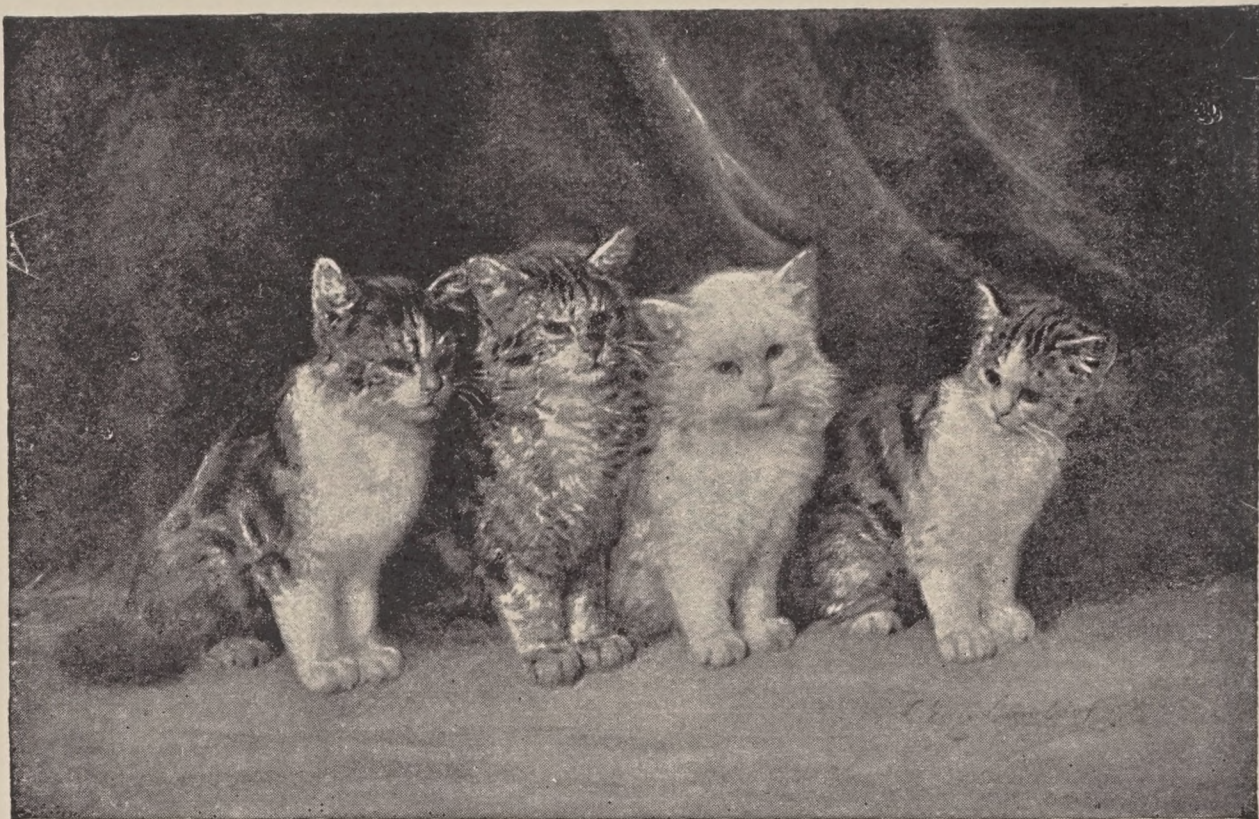
Prince, he saved my life: One day
In the woods I lost my way;
Prince, he found me, and, you know,
Ever since I've loved him so!

Sometimes we are, oh, so gay—
Sometimes not a word we say.
I just look at him, and he
With his big eyes looks at me.
Though he doesn't know one letter,
No one says "I love you" better!
But a frolic in the sea—
That's what Prince likes best, with me!

* * * * *

Life it is a changing sea—
Ended soon will playdays be.
Older will the girlie grow,
And the doggie staid and slow.
Still will doggie cling—true friend!
Till the dear brute life doth end.
Beats a heart in doggie's breast—
In dumb ways its love expressed.
Kindly word with loving pat—
How each dog-heart beats at that!
Kicks or cuffs, words harshly spoken—
Doggie's heart is well-nigh broken!

Children! kind to dumb beasts be—
God gave them to you and me!



A Cross Mamma-Cat.

Mamma-cat and kitties three

Just as still as still can be.

Mamma-cat has scolded well—

And for what?—Ah, who can tell?

Kitties were just having fun

Round their mamma-cat—cross one!

Mamma-cats forget, you know,

They were kittens long ago.

A, E, I, O, U.

WE are just five little letters
Of the great big alphabet;
People always call us vowels,—
'Mongst the consonants we're set.

All of us but one are equal
To a word, it will be found:
Tho' each word holds other letters,
We alone could give the sound.

"**Aye**," "**eye**," "**oh**," "**you**,"—please just listen;
Then us little vowels name:
A, I, O, U,—now please tell us,
Are the sounds not just the same?

"People" couldn't do without us—
P - - **pl** - ,—how queer they look!
B - - **k**,—nothing's left but covers
If we're taken from a "**book**!"

P - **n**,—who could tell its meaning?
But 'tis clear if you put in
Four of us in turn—we'll make it
"**Pan**," or "**pun**," or "**pen**," or "**pin**."

C - **t**,—who could tell, we wonder,
What a person meant to say:
"**Cot**," or "**cut**," or "**cat**"—three of us
Make three words as plain as day.

B - **t**,—what is it? You wonder:
"**Bat**," or "**but**," or "**bet**," or "**bit**;"
All four words you'll have whenever
Four of us take turns in it.

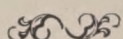
Reading, writing, speaking, people
Always need our help, and yet
What are we but five small letters
Of the great big Alphabet?

* * * *

When five humble little vowels
Are of such great use to man,
Little things must all have places
In the great Eternal Plan,



JEALOUSY.



Tommy wouldn't play with me;
I think he's very naughty;
Said he had to do his sums,
And count most up to forty.

Thinks more of his horrid slate
Than of his little brother,—
So I broke his slate all up,
And now he's telling mother.

With Robinson Crusoe.



Hides the sun 'neath dark'ning sky,
Summer storm winds murmur by,
On the beach rise wavelets high—
What cares far-off laddie?

Power, none have they to beguile
This young spirit yet awhile
From a lonely sea-girt isle—
Dream on, happy laddie!

Open page strange story tells,
And the youthful bosom swells—
With his famous hero dwells
Our enraptured laddie!

* * * * *

Boyhood days will pass, we know;
Still will fancy wandering go—
Hearts ne'er anchor here below—
Do they, winsome laddie?

A Helpless Watch.



“There’s somebody coming, and here are we,

Chained as dogs should never be.

How can we capture a bold, bad thief

If nobody comes to give us relief?”

And Carlo sat moody, and growled and frowned,

While lynx-eyed Leo kept watch around.



Plump and rosy, bright and sweet,
Why, 'twas made to love and kiss.

Now and Then.

Apples russet, golden, red,

Bushel basket brimming o'er,

Rit and Ben with careful tread

Carry to the farm house door.

Apples—they were made to eat—

But an apple just like this,

Plump and rosy, bright and sweet,

Why, 'twas made to love and kiss

Darling baby, happy, fair!

Shall you ever be as now,

Shielded with a loving care?

Morn and eve we, prayerful, bow,

Fearful we that grief may fall.

Faith our question answers: "Yes,

One there is who guides through all;

God will ever shield and bless!"



MARGARET.

WHEN she is very good and sweet

WE fondly call her "Marguerite;"

OR else 'tis by the name of "Pearl"

WE call our darling, pure-souled girl.

BUT when she's peevish,—“in a fret”—

WHY, then, we use the nickname "Pet."

AND when she spends whole days in fun,

NEGLECTING duties, everyone,

WHY then, in grief, we call her "Daisy"

BECAUSE, you see, it rhymes with *lazy*.

BUT when at break and close of day,

AND noontide *Angelus*, we pray,

ALL other names our lips forget—

WE say: "God bless our "Margaret!"



“All for you!” breathe parted lips;
“All for you!” beam lifted eyes;
“All for you!” beats loving heart,
As a little maiden hies,
Laden with sweet vines and flowers,
Gathered in May’s dewy hours.

“All for you!” the sweet voice says,
And the fragrant treasure lies
Scattered round our Lady’s feet,
While the love-lit, azure eyes
Upward lift to Mary’s own,
Looking down from May-day throne.

“All for you,”—the flowrets dropped,—
Clasps the little maid her beads;
Breathes *Hail Marys* all for love,
Quite forgetting childish needs;
But the May Queen knows each one,
And she breathes them to her Son.



The Blessing of the Flag.

GLOWING and red, as the blood that was shed
On many a battle-field;
Spotless and bright, as the lives chaste-white
In noblest of struggles sealed;
Heaven's own azure, with red and white blent,
Star-gemmed e'en as the firmament:
Tri-colored standard, starred and barred,
Never by stain of dishonor marred!
Silken thy folds, and thy staff secure,
Lifted aloft by the young and pure!
Fearlessly keep they their altar tryst,
Bearing thee e'en to the feet of Christ!
Oh! in the light of His Cross always,
Flag of our Country! wave e'en as to-day!

Do we defy those who fain would deny
That sons of Christ's Church can be
True to her laws, yet staunch to the cause
Of a Country from bondage free?
Nay! Let no word of defiance ring,
But from the archives of glory bring
Records preserved from oblivion's mist
By truth, the unerring annalist!
Read of the son of the Church who unfurled
Her standard, and 'neath it discovered a world;
Read in the names of its rivers and seas
What was their faith who discovered these.
Read in the names on the tombstones white
Their faith who died for freedom and right!
Oh! fearlessly keep ye your altar tryst—
Your Country's Flag bears the blessing of Christ!



We the sleeping Babe can see
The Redeeming One to be.

CHRISTMAS.

—:O:—

Softly Christmas chimes are falling
On the wintry air,
Hearts throughout the wide world calling
To adoring prayer,
Where a Mother vigil keeps
O'er a Babe who calmly sleeps.

Christmas bells are loudly ringing
Praise to Jesus' Name;
Angel choirs from Heaven bringing
Tidings glad, proclaim
That to-day the waiting earth
Welcomes the Redeemer's birth.

Christmas notes are sweetly waking
Joy in human hearts;
Christmas light is on us breaking—
In its rosy darts,
We the sleeping Babe can see
The Redeeming One to be.

On our chaplet beads we're telling
This sweet mystery o'er,
By their wondrous power, indwelling.
We, sweet Babe, implore:
To the Holy Souls be given
Christmas joy to-day—in Heaven.

A CHRISTMAS STOCKING

I HEARD the queerest noises
A little while ago;
It was that dear old Santa
Out in that room, I know.

And now my eyes keep open
As wide as if 'twas day,
'Cause thoughts of dear old Santa
Keep all the sleep away.

Dear grandma said her stocking
She'd hang up, all for me,
Because too small for Santa
A little boy's would be.

Oh, what's in it, I wonder?
Can't see in this dark night;
Oh, jolly, dear old Santa
Forgot to take his light!



A bound from cosy pillows,
A tumble on the floor,
A run across the hallway,
A peep in open door,

And there dear grandma found him,
Her candle in his hand,
His eyes the widest open
Of any in the land,

A-staring at that stocking,
The fullest in the town!—
With a kiss she put that baby
Back in his bed of down.



“ A happy new year,” to one and all;
“ A happy new year,” to great and small;
Over and over have glad lips sung,
Over and over have blithe bells rung.

The years have all grown old, and fled,
Leaving a bright new one instead.
Where do they go, the vanishing years,
That never a one of them reappears?

Oh, the vanishing years, they flee
Unto the land of Memory;
They cannot come back, but we may go
And visit them in that land, you know.

Some of them greet us with happiness,
And some are sorry to see us, I guess;
For oh! we once made them sad-hearted or gay,
And just as they left us, the old years stay.

Oh, how shall it be with the timid new year?
Shall it greet us, one day, with a smile, or a tear,
When unto the country of Memory
We wandering go, the old years to see?



"In God we trust," thy silent prayer,
Thy mighty battle-cry!

WASHINGTON.

I.

OH, other names may glow upon
The page of history
With deeds more dazzling than we read,
Great Patriot, of thee;
But noble cause hath never yet
In nobler ways been won,
Than was the freedom of our land,
By thee, great Washington!
No thought of wealth or fame or power—
No thought of self at all,
But ever one great aim—to free
Thy land from English thrall!

II.

Not in the strength of hand or brain
Didst thou the foe defy—
“IN GOD WE TRUST,” thy silent prayer,
Thy mighty battle-cry!
And when the master-deed achieved,—
Thy cherished country free,
A grateful people thrice held out
Rich laurels unto thee;
When thy keen soul to thee proclaimed
Thy public mission done,
The world beheld thy grandest deed,
O glorious Washington!

III.

The world beheld thy footsteps turn
To lowly rural ways;
Thy hands take up the humble tasks
Again, of earlier days;
All tranquilly thy life passed on
Until its setting sun,
Humility, thy glory's shield,
O well-loved Washington!
The jealousy of lesser men
Ne'er smote thy glorious fame;
And mankind hath no word but praise
To breathe with thy dear name.

Lafayette.

He whispered farewell to his native land,
Farewell to his loved ones and home;
His sword buckled on with a firm young hand;
And crossed the ocean foam;

Took unto his heart the strangers' wrong,—
And made it his own. Then he
Unsheathed his sword, so keen and strong,
In the struggle for liberty.

Ne'er from the fight did he respite claim
Till our country's cause was won.
We've writ his name on the page of fame
With our own loved "Washington."

A LENTEN STORY.

—:O:—

IT was Ash-Wednesday. The Convent school children had heard Mass in the parish church near by, and now in the classroom were listening with clasped hands, earnest eyes, loving hearts, to the instruction that Sister Raymunda was giving,—a tender appeal it was for the gift of some little sacrifice, to be kept up all through the Lent, a sacrifice from each to Him who had suffered so much for all the world, and for everyone of them, as specially as though only their souls were to be redeemed. “What shall the sacrifice be, children? Let it be something that will really be a sacrifice,” and Sister Raymunda’s voice ceased.

The young heads were bent thoughtfully, and as one by one they were lifted, with a serious look in the bright eyes turned towards her, Sister Raymunda knew the resolve was formed.

There were many different dispositions in the youthful group. There was studious Belle Marlowe, who had to be fairly driven from her books in recreation hour; she had held the head of the class through the term so far, and since her earliest days in the school had never got a “black mark” for recitation; there was care-free Julia Morton, who didn’t see what use there was in marks anyway, and boldly declared that one place in class was as good as another, providing Kittie Mayberry, “her chum,” was beside her, and Kittie’s aims in life being no higher in the scale of ambition than her own, they kept pretty closely together. There was Bertha Grey, who had to plod for hours at a task that her friend, Mary Lewis, “had by heart” at the second reading.

And among those who were neither ambitious nor the reverse, but ordinary scholars, there was Clare Blakeman, who sulked a week whenever she lost a place, and Martha Brennan, whom nobody ever saw out of humor; Sadie Dalton, who burst into tears at the slightest word of reproof; and Bessie Leigh, who blinked the tears back, declaring often that “she’d die before she’d be a crybaby.” There was Frances Lee, who couldn’t keep out of mischief, and when caught, took her penances as a matter of course. They were

bitter, but to give up the fun to avoid the penance was something not to be considered an instant; and there was Lucy Colton, who, though not so general a favorite with the pupils as were Julia Morton and Frances Lee, was yet in Sister Raymunda's eyes the model pupil of the school. Despite occasional shortcomings, the practised teacher could see in her a constant striving to grow better, and she noticed a practice she had of going by herself to the chapel for a brief visit to the Blessed Sacrament; especially was this noticeable after a reproof, or when any schoolgirl contention was "in the air." Good-natured Martha Brennan was elected by the children as the future nun of her class, but Sister Raymunda saw in her abounding natural goodness, a future woman of the world, gliding gracefully and easily around difficulties, rather than overcoming them. If a vocation was foreshadowed at all, in their teacher's estimation it was in the struggle for self-conquest, visible in Lucy Colton.

Clare Blakeman had a most unfortunate disposition, one that showed itself in a resolve "to be even with everyone" who had done her a fancied injury, and she always felt injured when she failed in class. Three days after the taking of their Lenten resolutions, she asked Lucy Colton to prompt her if three specially difficult questions came to her in the physical geography lesson. She stood, during recitation, immediately in front of Lucy's desk, the latter who was a persevering, not a brilliant student, being in the second division in this and a few other lessons. Prompting being absolutely a forbidden practice, Lucy had quietly, kindly, but firmly refused. The result was a failure for Clare, and the loss of her place in class, the worst of all the disgrace, in her eyes, being that Bertha Grey and Julia Morton for the first time got above her.

It was Lucy's week for filling the ink-wells. She had just reached Clare's desk, and was in the act of pouring the ink carefully into the little well in the desk, when she heard in Clare's moody whisper:

"You wouldn't prompt me this morning, would you? Take that for your kindness!"

At the same instant the girl's hand gave a push to Lucy's elbow—the ink bottle slipped from her grasp, and lay shattered in a black pool upon the floor.

It was a cruel revenge. Tears came to Lucy's eyes. The gaze of the whole school was fixed on her in an instant.

"How could you be so careless, Lucy?" Sister Raymunda asked, coming hastily with a great sheet of blotting paper to repair, as far as possible, the damage to the polished floor. Fortunately, there had been but little ink in the bottle.

Lucy turned appealingly to Clare, never dreaming that she would not bear her share of the blame. The moody girl was silent. On Lucy's lips trembled the full statement—but suddenly there came to her like a gentle whisper, the thought of her resolution for Lent, silently, but oh, so sacredly pledged to God three days before—to *offer no excuse during Lent when blamed for anything*.

She had not, it is true, foreseen anything so terrible as this, but it had come, and could she be unfaithful?

What weary heart-aching days and nights followed! How she longed to go and throw herself into Sister Raymunda's arms, and tell her sorrow, and tell Clare Blakeman's treachery! But she struggled through it all, and at last the reward came.

It was the eve of St. Thomas Aquinas' Feast, a day dear to the class, for were they not all soldiers of the Angelic Warfare? And was St. Thomas not their own dear leader? And was he not the Patron of youth and of schools? Did he not have just the dearest little oratory at the end of the classroom corridor, where the children went to ask his help, and to thank him when the help was given? How often Lucy had, during all the past days, craved his help in the terrible battle for silence, and patience, and resignation! Many a soul older, more experienced than poor little Lucy, can testify that no cross presses with keener pain than one that comes as the result of an absolute fidelity to duty. It seemed to the child that a hundred times in the day every pupil's eye would wander to the great ink-stain on the floor, and then to her; and Sister Raymunda had at once withdrawn the charge of the ink, and was herself filling out Lucy's week.

For three days Clare Blakeman had not been to school. Lucy was in the chapel, praying, after class was dismissed. Sister Raymunda entered, touched her on the shoulder, saying softly:

"Come with me, child; Clare Blakeman wants to see you."

She led her to the little Oratory of St. Thomas Aquinas, at the end of the school corridor, and there they found Clare on the prie-dieu, in tears. Such a pitiful face as she uplifted, and how her voice trembled as she said:

"Lucy, I told Sister Raymunda all about it, and I've been here in the convent three days, in retreat, and Sister says she will beg you to forgive me for the cruel thing I did to you,"—she broke down sobbing.

Clare's arms were around her; her forgiveness softly spoken. Sister stole away, leaving them together.

"But, Lucy," Clare questioned, as soon as she grew tranquil, "why did you not tell on me? I don't think I meant to deceive, and I know that if you had told that I pushed your elbow, I would not have denied that I did it, but I couldn't get courage to *say* that I had done it, till I asked Sister to let me go into retreat. Why didn't you tell that I made you spill the ink?"

Lucy was silent, her face reddened, then she said softly: "Because,—Clare, because—to bear everything, without excusing myself, was my sacrifice given to our Lord for Lent."

"And how well you kept it, dear! Mine was never to go into sulks when I lost my place in class, nor to pay people back in sinful ways—and I broke it in three days. But this is a terrible lesson, and I feel, dear, that the pain I've suffered here, and here (putting her hand on her heart, and then on her head), has burned that horrible habit right out of me. Sister says that God gives graces that way sometimes, because if we always obtained them by our own efforts, we would get proud about it. You'll pray for me, Lucy?"

Ten minutes later, Sister Raymunda parted the heavy drapery, and looking in, beheld the two saying the Beads together.

TO TEACHERS.

Before allowing the class to attempt to read a piece, make all familiar with the new or difficult words. Have the children use the words in oral and written sentences, and find them in books, papers, or magazines. It may take a week to prepare a lesson, the reading of which will occupy but a few minutes, but that thorough preparation has fitted the child to read many other pieces.

The beauty of certain words and expressions ought to be brought out, and commented upon, such as love-lit, aglow, golden, noon-tide, chaplet, frolicsome, and many others.

Some of the pieces included in this book are meant to be read aloud by the teacher. The children should be required afterwards to give in their own words, the thought as read to them. Among these pieces are "Two," "Washington," "The Blessing of the Flag," "Lafayette," and "A Lenten Story."

"A Lenten Story" is given as an example of child-study.

Have the children commit to memory some of the pieces.

The book will be found of great value because of the variety of pictures, and their adaptation to language work.

The picture may sometimes be used in connection with language work before the piece which it serves to illustrate is read, thus giving each child an opportunity to get his own story from the picture before reading the words in the book.

The accompanying list of words will be of assistance in preparing the work for each lesson.

B. ELLEN BURKE.

WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS

FOR EXERCISES PREPARATORY TO READING LESSONS.

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Angels—earthly—danger—care—hovers—youthful—slumber—voices —guard—faithful—join—downy.	
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IN DISGRACE.	9
Intended—tried—sorrow—we're.	

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You'd— isn't— ribbons— peacock— surely— feathers— mended — pinned --patched.	
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